

Every Second of Every Day...

by Someone the First

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Summary: An Ani/Ami story... Not very likely to happen. Anakin proposes to Amidala and she says "no"...

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Author's notes: _I came up with this after I decided I was gonna right a sweet little A/A story. Let's say I TRIED to write a sweet little A/A story. It's very unlikely to happen in the real SW universe, but I have difficulties with SW so give me a little credit maybe...? *looks sheepish* All characters mentioned (PadmÃ", SabÃ", and Anakin, right?) belong to the great and wonderful Georgey Peorgey Lucas (a.k.a George Lucas). Plot and writing belong to me. I think. And I'm sorry if this is really crappy. My EDITOR (*glares in LeeLee's direction*) was a little LAZY about helping me out... I'm a very impatient person... Sorry if it's bad. Thank you for actually reading my babbling here and I hope you like it at least a little... (Beware of typos and since this story was in the middle of PG and PG13, I went with PG...)_

Time Period in the SW Universe: Somewhere in SW2... Annie's 19 or 20 and PadmÃ"'s 24... (Okay, NOW to the story...)

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"SabÃ", major crisis here!"

The door to her chambers swung open and PadmÃ" stormed in, hair disarrayed and clothes rumpled, looking wild and nail-bitingly apprehensive.

With a look of utter calm, SabÃ" glanced up from her paperwork to register her unannounced guest. "Please be so kind as to knock next time."

If one hadn't known the depth of their friendship, they would have immediately categorized SabÃ" as extremely insolent and impolite. For PadmÃ" wasn't an ordinary, in-need-of-talking twenty-four year old; she was Queen Amidala of Naboo, a small world of the Galactic Republic.

But, at the moment, she looked like a wry little girl on the verge of collapse.

PadmÃ" plopped down on SabÃ"'s bed as the door automatically slid shut behind her. Her dark brown hair splayed across SabÃ"'s pale blue bedspread, contrasting prettily.

SabÃ" barely spared the Queen a glance. After serving as the Queen's main protector for over ten years now, she'd learned to distinguish a minor crisis from a truly major one by the tones the Queen used. This one would be in the minor area.

"What's so major it made you burst into my room on my day off?" asked SabÃ" wryly. "I'm rather busy, you know, with the wedding coming up and everything. We still have to find a place for Detriek to stayâ€"

She was cut off by a loud huff coming from the figure lying on her bed. "Stop bringing the wedding into every single conversation!" PadmÃ" snapped. "How many times do I have to tell you that Detriek can stay in the Palace? He can get a job in Theed, it'll all work out, now listen to me!"

At the panic in her friend's voice, SabÃ" released a sigh and shut off her computer (where she'd been browsing through wedding gowns, but PadmÃ" didn't have to know that). She swiveled around to face her feeble-looking best friend with a certain kind of attention only SabÃ" could masterfully give off: "I don't care but I do."

"What's so horrible you're snapping, PadmÃ"?" she asked tiredly, rubbing her temples.

PadmÃ" pulled herself up and met SabÃ"'s gaze, her eyes looking rather red and puffy and her hair a huge static cloud surrounding her head.

"Well?" SabÃ" prompted, politely smothering a yawn.

Now that she had SabÃ"'s undivided attention, PadmÃ" seemed hesitant.

After a few seconds of dawdling silence, SabÃ" threw up her hands. "If you're not going to say anything, I'll go back to my browsingâ€"

"No! Wait!" PadmÃ" reached out and grabbed SabÃ"'s arm before she could turn back to her computer. "It's just a little awkward, that's all..."

"_What's_ a little awkward?" SabÃ" demanded, her patience being flawlessly excised by PadmÃ"'s reluctance.

PadmÃ" fidgeted and averted her gaze. "You've noticed how I've been spending...lots of time with Anakin Skywalker..."

SabÃ" raised an eyebrow._ Ah, of course. Maybe she'll finally admit they have a relationship..._

PadmÃ" cleared her throat. "He's a very good friendâ€"

"Good friend," SabÃ" repeated softly, relishing the shudder in PadmÃ"'s voice as she said those words, but careful not to jog PadmÃ" from her revealing trance.

"He's good and kind and...andâ€"

"Absolutely gorgeousâ€" SabÃ" supplied with a devilish grin.

"Yes..." PadmÃ"'s eyes had a glaze over them and she seemed completely oblivious to her friend's delight.

"Is that all you wanted to tell me?" SabÃ" asked, impatience returning. "If it is, I have a wedding to plan, you knowâ€"

PadmÃ" seemed jolted by these words and her eyes jumped back to the present. "Oh, SabÃ", that's just it!"

SabÃ" looked utterly confused. "What's just it?"

PadmÃ" had tears in her eyes. "He proposed..."

"Who? What?" SabÃ" looked startled, to say the least.

"Anakin. He proposed to me."

Now, SabÃ" had known they were attracted to each other. She hadn't known they were so serious. Not sure if PadmÃ" was telling her this out of joy or fear, she opened her mouth to say the first thing that popped into her head. "Congratulations...?"

PadmÃ" jumped to her feet and began pacing. "I didn't say I accepted!"

"So...you're not marrying him?"

"I said 'no!'" PadmÃ" cried suddenly. "I feel like a witch or something now... His eyes just lost their sparkle and his face fell and he was like, 'oh.'" She covered her face with her hands. "I'm horrible..." she moaned.

SabÃ" wearily climbed to her feet and stopped PadmÃ" in mid-pace. Grabbing her arm carefully, she led her over to the bed and sat her down, patting her shoulders soothingly. "So you want to marry him?" SabÃ" asked, trying to put the puzzle together.

"I don't_ know_, " PadmÃ" sobbed.

"Do you love him?"

"I don't know..."

Frustration bubbled up inside immaculately patient SabÃ". "You don't love him?"

"I didn't say that!"

Rolling her eyes dramatically, SabÃ" fell down on the bed next to the sobbing PadmÃ". "Okay, let me get this straight."

Sniffling, PadmÃ" looked up. "All right," she agreed shakily.

"You like Anakin a lotâ€"

"He's my best friend," PadmÃ" replied sadly. Her eyes widened as she realized to whom she was speaking and she quickly added, "After you, of course."

SabÃ" raised her eyebrow and didn't respond to that comment. "You've been...dating?"

"No. Queens do not _date_â€"

"Okay, you've been 'friends' for a while now. May I ask what you 'friends' have been doing?"

"What?"

"Have you kissed?"

A blush painted PadmÃ"'s cheeks. "Yes..."

"Any further?"

"No!" PadmÃ" snapped defensively.

SabÃ" held up her hands, indicating it was just a question. "Now the big question: do you love him?"

PadmÃ"'s nose twitched in a reflex SabÃ" recognized as nervousness. "I don't know."

Letting out an exasperated sigh, SabÃ" roved her mind for the best possible way to tell. "Say Anakin died today. How would you feel?"

"He won't die today," PadmÃ" shot back vehemently. "How could I answer such a question?"

"I mean it rhetorically. Anakin is dead, PadmÃ". He's dead. You'll never, ever see him again. How do you feel?"

PadmÃ" paused and pregnant silence fell over them. "I'd die, too," she whispered.

Ah, now we're getting somewhere, SabÃ" said to herself. Reverting completely from handmaiden-on-her-day-off to her Queen's advisor, SabÃ" continued. "How do you feel when he's near you?"

PadmÃ's face flushed. She was never one to reveal her feelings, not even to her best friend, and this was extremely hard for her. She studied SabÃ's face to see if she could dodge the questions, but deemed it impossible. "I get all...wriggley inside."

"Wriggley?"

"Yeah."

SabÃ wrinkled her nose. "Elaborate, please."

PadmÃ took a deep breath and wished she hadn't used that made-up-word of hers. "I feel funny inside."

"Funny how?"

Realizing fully that she couldn't get out of this without pouring her heart out, PadmÃ fell facedown on the bed and buried her head into the blanket. "My heart gets all fast and I get all sweaty and..."

"Thank you," SabÃ said, sounding very much like a professional therapist. She folded her hands in her lap and studied the back of her friend's head. "And when he touches you?"

"He hasn't _touched _me!" PadmÃ cried defensively, saying all too well that he may have.

"I didn't mean it like that!" SabÃ responded quickly. "I mean, if he like...holds your hand or something."

"Oh," PadmÃ said, calming down to her usual level of calmness if Anakin was mentioned. "It just goes faster and I get nice and warm inside..."

"What gets faster?"

PadmÃ picked her face off the bed enough to glare at SabÃ's probing questions. "My heart, idiot."

SabÃ had to smile, but, almost immediately after, took on her professional aura again. "And if he kisses you?"

PadmÃ's cheeks picked up a delightful rouge color. "I get all tingly inside..."

"Elaborate."

Another glare. "You know, you should try psychology, not security."

"Nice try, but you're not getting out of this question."

PadmÃ sighed and pushed herself into a prone position. "I'll warn you I may become sappy."

SabÃ laughed. "That's what I'm looking for. I'll drown in sap if I'll get some truth out of my dear Queen here."

"I won't be dear in your mind if I kill youâ€"

SabÃ" merely gave her a stern look and PadmÃ" shrank back.

"It's like...I feel safe and happy, like I'm in heaven... It's like there's nobody in the world but us and I don't want to leave and I'm in my own special haven and..." Feeling extremely meek and embarrassed, PadmÃ" timidly peered at SabÃ"'s face to register her reaction.

A slow smile quirked the corners of her mouth. "I think I know why you're so upset about saying 'no' to him, PadmÃ", and it's not just guilt."

"Why?"

"You love him."

"No. I don't."

"Yes. You do."

"How would you know?"

SabÃ" grinned. "I don't know. You do."

PadmÃ" hesitated before asking, "_I_ know?"

"Look inside, highness," SabÃ" said gently, finally showing some respect for the Queen. "You love him."

Instead of immediately retorting with, "No, I don't," a thoughtful look passed over her eyes and PadmÃ" stopped. "I do love him," she finally admitted faintly.

SabÃ" gave her a lopsided smile. "Told you so."

PadmÃ" responded with a weak grin that collapsed as a thought ran through her mind. "Why did I say_ no_?"

SabÃ" shrugged, leaning back and resting her head against her many pillows. "Maybe you just didn't want to admit it?"

"No," said PadmÃ" softly. "It's another reason."

"What's that?"

"I'm five years older than him..."

"And...?"

PadmÃ" glared at her. "What would the people think? They'd think I was a child-molester or something!"

A look of indignation flickered over SabÃ"'s face. "Oh, come on! That's no reason to deny your feelings."

"Are you saying I should have said 'yes?'"

"No." SabÃ" leaned close, face stone with a sudden conviction. "I'm saying you should say 'yes' now."

PadmÃ" opened her mouth to argue, but SabÃ" cut her off. "You love him, your highness. Don't let something petty like age or status beat that out of you."

Blinking stupidly a few times, PadmÃ" weighed her words. Then she nodded. "Do you think he'll still want to marry me?"

"If he loves you he will."

"What if he was just joking? What if he didn't mean it?"

SabÃ"'s glare halted her words. "You're going to go and find Anakin Skywalker and you're going to propose to him."

"Why should I follow out your orders? I'm the Queen..." She trailed off at the fire in SabÃ"'s eyes. "Oh, all right." She wearily got to her feet and straightened out her clothes. "How do I look?"

"Horrible," SabÃ" admitted. She sat up. "Maybe we should fix you up before you go see him..."

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The door to his quarters was open.

PadmÃ" nervously peered in and saw that he wasn't inside his room, but the balcony doors were wide open. She could see a tall figure standing in front of the railing, watching the beautiful Naboo sunset.

As always when Anakin was near, her heart beat a little faster and her hands got clammy. She ran a hand over her hair to check if the twist SabÃ" had pulled it into was still in place. It was.

Biting her lip nervously, she stepped inside, craning her neck to see through the billowing drapes. She paused next to the doorway, studying the button that shut the door. She didn't want anyone to hear her pouring her guts out, so she gently tapped the red button. The doors silently slid shut, locking her in.

She wet her lips nervously and took a deep breath. Picking up her skirt, she inched quietly to the balcony doors. The room was messy. The bed wasn't made and clothes spilled out across the floor. The door to his 'fresher unit was open and she could see various cleaning utensils decorating the sink. This was Anakin's room, all right.

The only light in the room was the setting sun and it cast a dull glare through the lace curtains. With another deep breath, she reached the doorway. She pulled away the curtains and peeked out. Anakin stood, hunched over, looking down at the beautiful waterfall. As she stepped silently onto the balcony, a gentle mist hit her face and a blast of flowery spring air settled over her. The sun was slipping over the horizon in a beautiful show of reds and golds, painting Naboo in a picturesque light. She knew why Anakin was standing here. It was like heaven itself.

It was why she'd given him this room to stay in while he and Obi-Wan

visited Naboo on vacation. She'd known he'd love the view, and she'd wanted him to see Naboo in all its true beauty. She wanted to impress him, really. And she hoped she had. She knew Naboo had, at least.

He didn't hear her approach over the thundering of the waterfall, he couldn't have. But just as she was gathering up her courage to speak, his voice rang softly through the air. "You can't sneak up on a Jedi, your highness. I see no reason why you're attempting to."

He said it so coldly she actually shivered. "I had no intention of sneaking up on you," she replied, in an equally cold voice. Two could play at that game.

She walked over to stand beside him, keeping a respectful distance. After a thoughtful hesitation, she continued. "It's beautiful, isn't it?"

Normally, Anakin would have replied with some cliched statement like, "No more than you," and then kissed her with a fancy flourish.

His eyes stayed focused on the thundering falls. "Yes, it is."

She didn't like him like this. Had she really hurt him that much? She cautiously studied his face. It was the picture of calm, but it always was. It was difficult to dub a Jedi's emotions. To know Anakin's emotions or feelings, you had to see his eyes. His eyes told everything about him.

As if sensing her gaze, he finally turned to look at her and she backed away in fright. They weren't her Anakin's eyes. Her Anakin's eyes always sparkled mischievously, or caressed her own lovingly. These eyes made her feel cold, so very cold...

She quickly looked away and Anakin turned back to the scene in front of him. "Is there some reason you've decided to join me? Why is a Queen presenting herself to a mere would-be slave like myself?"

Ouch. She blinked back tears. That one hurt.

"I don't care that you were a slaveâ€"

"Or is it that I'm younger than you?"

"Noâ€"

"There must be something repulsive about me, then," Anakin snapped, turning to her. She avoided his eyes. "Oh, I know," he spat angrily. "I was a toy, wasn't I? I see it now. I was an amusement. Use Anakin for all he's worth. Take his heart out and tear it to pieces, huh? I was fun, but then you found out I wasn't in on the game and actually gave a damn about you, right?"

She flinched at the fury in his voice and of his words and bit back a sharp remark that mingled confusingly with tears. She met his eyes and stoically refused to look away. She deserved it. She'd said 'no.' But she hadn't done any of what he was accusing her. Except doubted him because of his age, but...

"_Say_ something!" He grabbed her shoulders and shook her. "Why'd you come here? You obviously don't love me. Come back to apologize? 'Oh, poor Anakin. I hurt his _feelings._'"

She blinked back tears of hurt. Here she was, come to say she loved him, and he was yelling at her.

No more than you did to him, a nasty little voice reminded her.

Fear should have bubbled up in her. He could kill her in a second. He could pick her up and throw her over the railing to her death.

But she wasn't angry or terrified. Only nervous about what she wanted to say. Only hurt that she had caused him so much pain. Only edgy because of the odd feeling that this wasn't really Anakin...

"_Why did you come back_?"

She swallowed down the lump in her throat and kept hold of his eyes. "I love you," she whispered.

His eyes flickered. "What?" He released her and she fell back against the railing, taking a deep breath.

"I love you," she repeated, with a little more strength now. "I said 'I love you.'"

The cold was receding now, uncertainty replacing it. "You...love me?"

She felt surer now, surer about everything. That look on his face, the innocence, the way the gold-red of the setting sun highlighted the blondes in his hair and how his eyes sparkled with the most beautiful blue PadmÃ" had ever seen...she loved him so much, she realized, that it hurt.

She smiled at him. "More than anything."

He shook his head, his face set into a childish look of bewilderment (she loved that too). "Why did you say 'no' then?"

She reached out and took his shaking hand. Squeezing it gently, she brought it to her lips and kissed his fingers. She drew him nearer. "I didn't know it then. But if the offer's still up, the answer's yes."

He looked away for a moment and PadmÃ"'s heart stopped. What if it was too late? What if he hadn't meant it? Oh, it couldn't happen now. Not when she finally knew how she truly felt for him. It would kill her heart and soul.

But then he looked back and met her eyes and this was her Anakin again. His eyes had that playful gleam, and the undaunted love, and utter confidence, they had always possessed, even as a little boy. He pulled her up against him and looked down at her slight form. "Will you marry me, highness?"

She smiled at the playful use of her status and said, with no doubt, "Yes."

Anakin's old self was returning so rapidly the memory of his previous coldness died. He tipped her chin up and studied her face. "I believe you."

"Thank you," she whispered.

"No," Anakin replied, just as softly, "thank _you._"

There he was, spouting his cliched lines again. She had to smile.

"Well? Are you going to kiss me or are we just going to stay like this all night?" PadmÃ" demanded.

He studied her face thoughtfully. "I don't know... I do enjoy this view... Your face is quite remarkable in itself..."

"Anakin..."

He grinned and gently traced her lips with his finger. "I'm afraid that, if I kiss you now, I may be tempted to do more..."

A look of seduction you wouldn't have considered proper for a Queen settled on PadmÃ"'s face. "Who's stopping you?"

Anakin's eyes registered his surprise that this. But he quickly recovered and grinned. "I would have thought a Queen had more prudence."

"Not this Queen."

He leaned down and brushed his lips against hers, but kept away enough so this merely annoyed PadmÃ". "You're so infuriating," PadmÃ" grumped.

"I love you," he said softly.

Her heart jumped and then started racing. "How do you do that?"

"Do what?" he whispered, tracing his finger over her face so lightly she got goosebumps.

"Annoy me and then make me forgive you a second later."

He bent low and kissed her softly on the lips. Pulling back, he slipped his arms gently around her waist. "It's my talent, your highness." He pressed his lips to hers again, more vehemently this time, opening his mouth against hers and then immediately breaking away again.

"Are you taunting me, Skywalker?" PadmÃ" demanded in a Queen Amidala-worthy tone, but not quite there as she was practically gasping for air. She took a deep breath in an attempt to quiet her racing heart. It didn't work. It never did. Anakin had that kind of control over her.

He grinned. "But of course."

PadmÃ" shook her head and leaned her forehead against his chest. "I

don't know why I bother with you. Or ever did, for that matter."

"But you do," he reminded her. "Like you told me...you love me."

Pursing her lips, she turned her head so that she was still leaning against him, but able to see the sunset too. The sun slipped out of sight and the beautiful display was now being eaten by the darkness of night. "More than anything," she whispered so softly she wondered if Anakin could hear.

He pulled her closer to him and rested his face in her hair. She could feel his heart beating under the worn fabric of his tunic, her head rising and falling with each breath he took...and she finally understood SabÃ's unceasing chatter about Detriek.

Because, very soon, as soon as she saw SabÃ next, in fact, SabÃ would be hearing about Anakin every second of every day....

Feedback please? Thanks... :)

End
file.